

P O E M S.

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*This Pamphlet was printed
at the private press of the
Author John Penn Esq at
Stoke Park near Windsor.*

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СТИЛТИОЗ

A Translation of the Jewish Religion of Pagan.
The Jew's Tale, a Fragment from Chaucer.
An Imitation of the Song of Songs.

LONDON:

SOLD BY ELMSLEY, STRAND; AND
FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET.

1794.

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SOLD BY ALBANY, ST. AND
PAULS, NEW BOND STREET.

1794

P E R S I U S,

SIXTH SATIRE,

I M I T A T E D.

PERSIAN

SIXTH PART

LIMITED

P E R S I U S,

SIXTH SATIRE,

I M I T A T E D.

TO THE REV. MR. M——.

ARE A——'s hearths yet summon'd to supply
 The needful heat Autumnal days deny?
 O skill'd to draw from British harps anew
 Those martial sounds that fear of death subdue,
 Or soothing, shew the sufferings love can cause, 5
 The grief of shepherds, and the garden's laws;
 With storms already; M——, rings my shed,
 And fullen fogs o'er Thames's banks are spread,
 O'er the proud castle, and the forest shade,
 " By godlike poets venerable made †." 10
 For so the bard in whom we all admire,
 And own transfus'd, the mighty Homer's fire.

ADMOVIT jam bruma foco te, Basse, Sabino?
 Jámne lyra, & tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
 Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum,
 Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ,
 Mox juvenes agitare jocos, & pollice honesto
 Egregios lusisse senes. mihi nunc Ligus ora
 Intepet, hybernátque meum mare, quà latus ingens
 Dant scopulì & multâ littus se valle receptat.
 " Lunaï portum est operæ cognoscere, cives."
 Cor jubet hoc Ennî, postquam destertuit esse
 Mæonides Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.

† *Windfor forest.*

Careless of critic tongues, I shape the soil
 With changeful fancy, and uncertain toil;
 Careless I hear the rainy winds resound, 15
 Or wait their influence on my flocks around.
 And if the trite complaint, that upstarts proud
 Rise o'er our heads, and every parish croud,
 Affail me, little it disturbs that I,
 Fall'n from a fire's and grandfire's dignity, 20
 Equal those older ancestors alone,
 Whose guiltless eminence the shire will own.
 Must I for this grow grey before my hour,
 Or hail with rapture compound interest's power,
 Hoard at th' expence of comfort, meanly dine, 25
 And drink the cheapest, and the worst, of wine?
 But turns are different: of two twins, the one
 Will, save on feast-days, all indulgence shun,
 Then, for himself, he cooks his treat of sauce,
 And follows custom with the lightest loss: 30

Hic ego securus vulgi; & quid præparet Auster
 Infelix pecori; securus & angulus ille
 Vicini nostro quia pinguior; & si adeò omnes
 Ditescant orti pejoribus: usque-recusem
 Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sinè uncto,
 Et signum in vapidâ naso tetigisse lagenâ.
 Discrepet his alius. geminos, horoscope, varo
 Producis genio. solis natalibus est qui
 Tingat olus ficcum muriâ vaser in calice emptâ,
 Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper. hic bona dente

The other, gallant spirit, heaps his board
 With meats the richest only can afford.
 But if I would not, angry that they shine,
 Toil left their wealth be reckon'd more than mine,
 So neither would I rival their expence. 35
 Scarce 'twere in me a bearable pretence
 With turtles fresh my servant's hall to cheer,
 Or use my taste to every dish that's dear.
 Our bounds are clearly trac'd: our incomes shew
 How far the wants of moderation go. 40
 Empty your barns; next year they will be stor'd.
 Perhaps, tis duty warns, our aid implor'd.
 Some friend a gainful voyage hopes, till, mark!
 Blown on the rocks of Scilly, splits the bark;
 His all is lost, and to the distant eye 45
 The shiver'd wreck, emerging, points on high,
 Where sea-gulls haunt, amid the ocean's roar:
 He gains with labour Cornwall's dreary shore.

Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. utar ego, utar:
 Nec rhombos ideò libertis ponere lautus,
 Nec tenuem solers turdarum nôsse falivam.
 • Messe tenus propriâ vive: & granaria (fas est)
 Emole. quid metuas? occa. & seges altera in herbâ est.
 Ast vocat officium. trabe ruptâ, Bruttia saxa
 Prendit amicus inops: rêmque omnem, furdâque vota
 Condidit: Ionio jacet ipse in littore, & unâ
 Ingentes de puppe Dei; jamque obvia mergis
 Costa ratis laceræ, nunc & de cespite vivo

That he may save some portion of renown,
 Nor bear a mean petition thro' the town, 50
 Can we not sell? Cries one, " With acres part!
 " I know whose heir would take it much to heart.
 " Scarce would his funeral decently pass off :
 " At promis'd pomp the nettled 'Squire would scoff.
 " What! with impunity th' estate impair!"----- 55
 But philosophic Gray would little care,
 And, by the forty fages unperplex'd,
 Hold, such degenerate wants our nation vex'd
 Since they taught wisdom, who long taught to dance,
 And to ape reason, was a mode from France. 60
 Then let us fearless look beyond the grave.
 But you, strange heir, a word with you I crave.
 Suppose you claim as mine, this mansion fair
 Past to *heirs general*, or the Lord knows where.

Frange aliquid : largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
 Cæruleâ in tabulâ. " Sed cœnam funeris hæres
 " Negliget iratus, quòd rem curtaveris : urnæ
 " Offa inodora dabit ; seu spirent cinnama furdum,
 " Seu ceraso peccent casæ, nescire paratus.
 " Tûne bona incolumis minuas?" sed Bestius urget
 Doctores Graios : ita fit, postquam sapere urbi
 Cum pipere & palmis, venit nostrum hoc maris experts,
 Fœnifecæ crasso vitiârunt unguine pultes.
 Hæc cinere ulterior metuas? at tu meus hæres
 Quisquis eris, paulùm à turbâ seductior, audi.

I now would whisper. In the glorious cause 65
 Of Gallic freedom, and of Nature's laws
 A junto firm, who well their Lord's obey,
 Write of their sure successes from Vendee:
 The prompt Convention every line repeat.
 Now Sans-culottes in Reason's Temple meet. 70
 Gay civic feasts with patriot kisses join;
 For soon we read of triumphs on the Rhine.
 Of these the stage takes charge, and, o'er the scene,
 Ennobled generals stir the people's spleen.
 Rank's ermin'd train in all their pride advance, 75
 And sovereigns arm'd the warlike pomp enhance.
 But what are such when Liberty's alarm
 Swells her loud voice, and lifts her thundering arm?
 She proves her sons, as on this festal night,
 Brightest in virtue, boldest in the fight. 80
 Can any doubt of Gallic freedom's bliss?
 But, not to keep you, what I mean is this.
 Whoe'er, of oratoric powers, command
 Th' applause, in clubs, of the reforming band,

O bone, num ignoras? missa est à Cæsare laurus
 Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, & aris
 Frigidus excutitur cinis: ac jam postibus arma,
 Jam chlamydas regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
 Effedaque, ingentisque locat Cæsonia Rhenos.
 Dis igitur, Geniôque ducis centum paria, ob res
 Egrediè gestas, induco: quis vetat? aude.
 Væ, nisi connives. oleum artrocreâsque popello

Since the millenium seems no more remote, 85
 Shall on my banker have a general note ---
 I mean the needy. Heav'ns! how pale that face!
 Nay, storm not; I can fancy a worse case.
 Suppose I add the libellers to these.
 "Good Sir," you say---"reflect Sir, if you please, 90
 "Should you reduce me to your country seat,
 "Gravel, I own, is healthy, clean, and neat,
 "Yet too much there, for such demands prevails.
 "Which ask a fertile mould that never fails."
 Tho' now it seem some pretext claims respect, 95
 Tis plain whate'er I do, you will object.
 Know then, had you and friends no legal right
 'T would be my anxious business, day and night,
 To use my power, and a successor find,
 As merit, or, perhaps, caprice inclin'd. 100
 That will I now; nor need I travel long
 Ere shines some open aspect in the throng:
 Some petty freehold's lord shall boast a name
 From Royal Licence, and be rais'd to fame.

Largior; an prohibes? dic claré. "Non adeò," inquis:
 "Exosflatus ager juxtà est." Age, si mihi nulla
 Jam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
 Nulla manet: patrui sterilis matertera vixit,
 Déque aviâ nihilum superest: accedo Bovillas
 Clivúmque ad Virbî. præstò est mihi Manius hæres.
 Progenies terræ? quære ex me, quis mihi quartus

How superciliously you note his birth! 105
 But we are all inhabitants of earth.
 Look on our pedigree; how short appears
 That string of ancestors your pride reveres,
 And knew we more, I possibly might see
 This honest yeoman is allied to me. 110
 Cousins of every kind I next should trace
 To Adam, father of the human race.
 Our tie, you hold, is no conjecture vague:
 Then why more plague me than ev'n strangers plague?
 By me, at least, you cannot fear to lose: 115
 Take as you find me, or your chance refuse.
 The fortune I receiv'd, tho' render'd less,
 You, by the laws of England, will possess:
 And do you ask, how much I mean to save
 Of what a father, in his goodness, gave? 120

Sit pater, haud promptè, dicam tamen. adde etiam unum,
 Unum etiam; terræ est jam filius: & mihi ritu
 Manius hic generis propè major avunculus exit.
 Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscis?
 Sum tibi Mercurius: venio Deus huc ego, ut ille
 Pingitur; an renuis? vîn' tu gaudere relictis?
 Deest aliquid summæ: minui mihi: sed tibi totum est,
 Quicquid id est. ubi sit fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
 Legarat Tadius: neu dicta reponere paterna;
 Fænoris accedat merces; hinc exime sumptus.
 Quid reliquum est? reliquum? nunc, nunc, impensius
 unge,

Preach you retrenchment, in old-fashion'd strain,
 And hope my capital may whole remain?
 But avarice works again: you sum th' amount.
 Presumptuous wretch! I'll settle this account.
 Hasten ye, my servants, to the city fly,
 Nor heed the price, but every dainty buy.
 Bear round my cards; for I am wiser grown
 At length: I will, I will enjoy my own.
 Shall I abstain, that this low wretch, grown nice,
 May seek the palm of fashionable vice?
 May win new glory from successful bets,
 In favours paid some noble beauty's debts?
 Like a pale ghost, shall I appear, but he
 Owe bloated looks to what he gains from me?
 "Consult our interest," would he whisper still.
 "Go, sue for places you're unfit to fill.
 "For these by turns give fiercest foes support.
 "Beset the minister, and ply the court,

Unge, puer, caules. mihi festâ luce coquatur
 Urtica, & fîsâ fumosum sinciput aure,
 Ut tuus iste nepos olim, satur anseris extis,
 Patriciæ immeiat vulvæ? mihi trama figuræ
 Sit reliqua: ast illi tremat omento popa venter?
 "Vende animam lucro: mercare; atq; excute solers
 "Omne latus mundi, ne sit præstantior alter
 "Cappadocas rigidâ pingues plaussisse catastâ.
 "Rem duplica." Feci; jam triplex, jam mihi quartò,

“ Scorn’d while you cringe; and wean’d from power
your heart,

“ Lose independence, its far nobler part.” 140

What must I? ’tis resolv’d; no more I blame.

You have me, humble, as befits, and tame.

One annual thousand, with all profits clear,

Ushers the thriving pensioner’s career.

Now four are added. When content you’ll tell. 145

Behold six more, and own ’twas manag’d well.

Still silent? now six more my arts obtain.

Not yet enough!—To slave for you is vain.

Who to the limits of desires could reach,

Lax, as the logick of a patriot’s speech? 150

Jam decies redit in rugam. depunge, ubi fistam,
Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.

A FRAGMENT FROM CHAUCER.

"Scorn'd while you cinge; and wear'd from power
 Your heart; and nobler part."
 "Look independence; its far nobler part."
 "What must I in the world; no more I blame;
 You have me, humble as before, and tame;
 One annual thousand, with all profits clear,
 Ushers the thriving pensioner's career."
 Now four are asked. When content you'll tell,
 Behold six more, and own 'twas many dwell.
 Still silent; now six more my art obtain;
 Not yet enough!—To have for you is vain.
 Who to the limits of desires could reach,
 I ask, as the logic of a patriot's speech,

I am desirous to be in your debt, and to be
 In your debt, I am desirous to be in your debt, and to be

SQUIRE'S TALE

THE

SQUIRE'S TALE.

A FRAGMENT FROM CHAUCER.

PART I.

In Seint May eene, in January, reigned
A King who war with Rous's trichey amours;
By which there fell an auncel, of a lord's son,
Full many a Knight. Criseyde was his name,
For so the world the names were known;
And thus, in June, the auncel was found,
In a field of a knight, as in a field,
The knight the auncel's honour's name;
For so the world the names were known,
The knight the auncel's honour's name.

THE

SQUIRE'S TALE.

A FRAGMENT FROM CHAUCER.

THE
SQUIRE'S TALE.

— *Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung —
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career.*

IL PENSEROSO.

PART I.

IN Sarra's city once, in Tartary, reign'd
A King who war with Russia's tribes maintain'd;
By which there fell in arms, of splendid fame,
Full many a Knight: Cambuscan was his name.
Far thro' the world his merits were renown'd,
And none, in aught, so excellent was found.
In various virtue kingly, as in birth,
He made his office honour'd thro' the earth.
Firm in the faith which he profess'd to hold,
Of wealth conspicuous, and as wise as bold,

Rigid in truth and justice, yet inclin'd
 To soft compassion, and of nature kind;
 His person comely, fortunate his doom,
 So well could he the royal part assume,
 So much his qualities th' observer strike,
 All own'd, they never had beheld his like.

This Tartar without peer, this valiant King,
 Saw its fair fruits from happy marriage spring;
 The younger hope, by Elfeta his wife,
 Camballo call'd, the elder Algarife.

He had besides, the youngest of the three,
 A daughter fair, whose name was Canace.
 But, to pourtray the beauties of the maid,
 In vain were aptest eloquence essay'd.
 At least my language in th' attempt were vain,
 And matchless charms my pencil rude restrain,
 Whose just idea rhetoric would impart
 With glowing colours, and the stores of art.
 'Tis mine, more humble than the skilful tribe,
 Truly to speak, but plainly to describe.

It chanc'd, since first Cambuscan bore the sway,
 When twenty winters now had pass'd away,
 (As was, I deem, his custom every year)
 He caus'd, thro' Sarra's streets, in accent clear,
 A feast to be proclaim'd, whose lawful mirth
 Might fitly celebrate his day of birth;
 Th' appointed time the last of March's ides.
 Sol now, his station chang'd, with Mars resides,
 Mounted in Aries, from whose angry sign
 His burning beams with stronger influence shine.

Chang'd by his warmth, the temperate gales impart
 Forgotten rapture to the cheerless heart :
 And as the verdant hues more vivid grow,
 Or cloudless skies the coming season shew,
 With shrillest melody the quires of air,
 On wing, th' abundance of their joy declare.
 As if protections they had now obtain'd,
 Nor fear'd his tyranny, tho' winter reign'd.

Prefiding at the feast, Cambuscan bore
 His crown aloft, and royal vestments wore,
 Seen thro' the hall, at its exalted part,
 And grac'd a banquet, plann'd with matchless art.
 Of which to tell the order and array,
 It sure would occupy a summer's day.
 Nor could it add to my relation force
 To trace the plan of each succeeding course.
 I to the narrative shall close adhere.
 And so it chanc'd that while the tables clear,
 And, with its dainties, the third course remov'd,
 The ravish'd King his minstrel's art approv'd,
 In at the entrance was perceiv'd to pass
 A Knight full sudden, on a steed of brags.
 An ample mirror in his hand he held,
 And on his finger was a ring beheld :
 Unsheath'd beside him hung his shining sword,
 Accoutred thus, he fought the royal board ;
 And, young and old in silence wond'ring, all,
 Their eager eyes pursued him thro' the hall.

Full richly dress'd, this Knight unseen before,
 All, save his head, with armour cover'd o'er,

King, Queen, and Lords, in order due salutes;
 And his expression so his subject suits,
 That were Gawain † to come at our command,
 And leave his residence in Fairy land,
 His courteous fancy could not mend a word.
 Nor he, his preface o'er, his tale deferr'd;
 But with a manly voice, and faultless speech,
 Observant of the rules professors teach
 To suit our action to our changing phrase,
 Enforc'd th' impressivè thoughts a thousand ways.
 I do not hope to imitate his art,
 But the mere matter of th' harangue t' impart.

He said, " Both India's and Arabia's King,
 " Whose gifts to you, this solemn day, I bring,
 " Not uninstructed 'tis your natal day,
 " Sends me, his tribute of respect to pay.
 " On you this brazen steed has he bestow'd,
 " Which, with strange power, transports its living load,
 " Where'er commanded, in a day and night,
 " And safe thro' showers directs its rapid flight.
 " He, a sure safeguard in the realms of air,
 " Unharm'd will carry you thro' foul and fair;
 " Or should you wish your airy course to change,
 " And lofty regions, wing'd by eagles, range,
 " Not less securely would you cleave the skies,
 " (Tho' stealing sleep o'ercame your watchful eyes)

† *Nephew of King Arthur, and esteemed a model of
 knightly courtesy.*

- “ While, when you chose, and rightly mov’d a pin.
 “ Your journey back would, undelay’d, begin.
 “ This shining mirror, which my hand sustains,
 “ Gives the rare privilege, with little pains,
 “ To see reflected by its surface true,
 “ Each ill impending o’er your state and you;
 “ Reveal’d to see your real friend and foe,
 “ Nor less in love the turns of fortune know.
 “ If some bright lady of your court has borne
 “ Its tender pains, her lover late forsworne,
 “ This will detect, howe’er conceal’d it be,
 “ His fickle soul’s dissembling subtlety.
 “ But that this mirror, and the mystic ring
 “ I bear, alike commission’d from the King,
 “ Another mark of his regard, be kept,
 “ He prays that Canace will these accept.
 “ This ring interprets, with the truth of words,
 “ Each meaning latent in the tones of birds;
 “ And, to their sense enlarg’d, conveys again
 “ Adapted language from the mouths of men.
 “ Whether the hand wear this, or purse contain,
 “ To such as rankling wounds oppress with pain
 “ It points what aid the stores of nature yield,
 “ And shews each useful simple of the field.
 “ This naked sword, that glitters at my side,
 “ To all were dreadful who its powers defied,
 “ And irresistibly would pierce its stroke
 “ Thro’ mail, whose thickness match’d the spreading oak.
 “ Vain all attempts to heal the wound it made
 “ Till you shall o’er it gently draw the blade.

“ While yet the gifts by you possess remain,

“ Such various virtues shall they still retain.”

Thus having spoke, the Knight directs his steed
Back thro’ th’ assembly, and alights with speed.

The steed, reflecting the refulgent beams,

Stands in the court, and without motion seems :

The Knight is led to a refreshing meal,

Eas’d of th’ incumbrance of his coat of steel.

Pursuant to his will, what presents may

Are duly borne, and without toil, away :

The sword and mirror to a lofty tower,

To Canace her ring, of equal power.

She, sitting at the feast, receives the gift ;

But none may hope the brazen horse to lift.

No strength can, equal to the load, be found,

Nor crane, nor pulley, force it from the ground.

They wait, as they must needs, the Knight’s return,

From him the secret, you shall hear, to learn.

Now mighty throngs, attracted by report,

To see the wond’rous beast, o’erspread the court,

Intently gazing, and discoursing much ;

Such is his size, and his proportions such !

So well his height is suited to his length !

He seems with nags of Lombardy in strength

To vie, in briskness with th’ Apulian breed.

For tis, by each spectator near, agreed,

Nor art, nor nature can encrease its store

Of excellence, nor add one beauty more.

But their conceptions far it did surpass

How it could move, and yet be made of brass.

That 'twas a fairy-work, to some it seem'd,
 But different some its origin esteem'd.
 The notions, bandied in discourse by these,
 Sounded like murmurs from a swarm of bees.
 They love the tales they read of to rehearse,
 And talk of Pegafus, describ'd in verse
 Like him to spurn the ground, and cleave the air :
 Or 'twas the horse of Sinon, they declare,
 By wicked dæmons to this day preserv'd,
 To make them feel the fortune Troy deserv'd.
 Some on the wond'rous things their comments made,
 Shewn by that mirror, to the tower convey'd,
 Surmising all its virtue was deriv'd
 From angles and reflections, well-contriv'd.
 Some speak their wonder of that sword, at large,
 Which arm'd the champion for so fierce a charge.
 They call to mind the memorable gash
 Of royal Telephus, and spear of ash,
 His foe Achilles hurl'd, tho' when its rust
 Was scrap'd, it heal'd him with the scatter'd dust.
 The nature of the weapons seem'd allied.
 Now dwelt their thoughts on every method tried
 To temper steel, and harden best its edge ;
 The time and art that its success would pledge.
 These are unknown, be-it confess'd, to me.
 They notice next the ring of Canace,
 Fram'd by such new, inexplicable art.
 Thus talk the gather'd crouds, ere they depart.

Tis yet agreed on, by another class,
 Our skill produc'd, from simple ashes, glass,

But glass and athes were unlike, in all ;
 Hence rash surmise might into error fall.
 For, till the cause of floods we can explore,
 Of tides alternate, or the ocean's roar,
 Or nature's works, in gossamer and mist,
 Much on its strangeness do we still insist.

Thus they indulg'd in various talk, nor ceas'd
 Till the King rising left the finish'd feast.
 The sun his rapid course had downward bent,
 The royal Lion notic'd in ascent,
 When brave Cambuscan from th' exalted place
 Where stood his table, mov'd, with stately pace,
 Descending to the pavement, from its floor ;
 Whence, thro' the hall, the minstrels march'd before.
 Thus to his presence-room the guests retire,
 While music speaks the full-resounding quire.
 Unnumber'd instruments their powers unite,
 And with the raptures of the blest delight.

Now gladdest summons to the dance obeys
 Each votary gay of Venus, who surveys,
 On high from Pisces †, her congenial sign,
 Courtiers and dames, th' adorers of her shrine.
 With beating breasts the signal they await.
 The King o'erlooks them from his chair of state,
 There, as he sits to view the sprightly ball,
 The Knight's returning steps his thought recall.

† In the old astrology Venus was supposed to exert its
 strongest influence in this sign of the Zodiac.

He bows, approaching, and exults to see
 His partner doom'd the beauteous Canace.
 The faint resemblance of the mirth to catch
 In those who saw not, ere they trac'd the sketch,
 Powers of uncommon excellence would ask,
 And youth or love must prompt them in the task.
 Who could describe the dance's varying form,
 Or grace unequal'd, tho' with rapture warm?
 Who the coquette's dissembled look askance,
 Lest kindling jealousy should blame the glance?
 Launcelot † alone possess'd a suited store
 Of language apt, and he is now no more.
 While yet the dance detains, the Steward's voice
 Hastens supplies of wine and spices choice.
 The Squires and Ushers his injunctions hear,
 And strait the spices and the wine appear
 Lest, by fatigue o'ercome, their spirits sink,
 The wish'd refreshment brought, they eat and drink.
 Then, in the house of prayer their duty done,
 They sup, illumin'd by the rising sun.
 At a King's banquet, plenty, well they know
 The portion is of all, both high and low.
 This it was now, with excellence of fare
 Much beyond all I can imagine rare.

The supper o'er, the noble King goes out
 To view the feed, and a resplendent rout,

† *An eminent Knight of the round table, possessing all the
 accomplishments of a courtier and man of gallantry.*

Ladies and Lords, whom courtly forms oblige;
 Nor, since old Ilium's memorable siege,
 Had any horse such general wonder caus'd,
 Nor less discourse, in praise of any, paus'd.
 The King implores the Knight, when they arrive,
 The theme, with more precision, to revive,
 Of those rare qualities the beast display'd,
 And laws, in rest or motion, it obey'd.

'Twas then the horse alertly, o'er the ground,
 Touch'd by the Knight, began to skip and bound.
 Who said, " This only will suffice, dread sire,
 " Whate'er th' advent'rous journey you desire,
 " That in his ear a secret pin you turn,
 " Which from my mouth you shall in private learn;
 " And, this perform'd, the country's name declare,
 " 'Tis then you wish to visit thro' the air.
 " Nor needs a safe return invention wrack,
 " Another pin, so mov'd, will bear you back,
 " And wherefoe'er the ponderous beast alight,
 " Fix'd 'twill remain, in strength's and art's despight.
 " Should you command it, and this pin be stirr'd,
 " 'Twill vanish strait, obedient to a word,
 " And at a word return, if those they be,
 " Which you shall instantly be taught by me.
 " And trust, none else, his journey long or short
 " Will boast conveyance of a readier sort."

When from the Knight the King enough had gain'd
 Of wish'd instruction, and no doubt remain'd,
 With joyful heart, and of his present proud,
 He fought, expected, the carousing croud.

The bridle strait is in the tower enclos'd
 Where jewel heaps, of costliest kind, repos'd;
 But the horse vanishes—I know not how;
 Nor shall I dare describe, but suffer now
 The revel's mirth th' enliven'd guests t' absorb,
 Till the sky blush with day's returning orb.

PART II.

COMPOSING sleep, digestion's healthful nurse,
 Winks on the band, and warning left, averse
 To her dull presence, they her aid dismiss,
 Salutes them, yawning, with a sluggard's kiss.
 Th' o'erheated blood, they hear the power suggest,
 Asks instant care, and calming hours of rest.
 Thankful they hear, and one by one withdrawn,
 Confess her prudence in a drowsy yawn;
 Her salutary call convenient judge,
 Nor, when unsafe, the dregs of pleasure grudge.

The floating fancies of repletion's brain
 To tell at large, were simple as 'tis vain:
 Dreams uninspir'd, of light effect and cause.
 Each from late sleep prolong'd refreshment draws;
 But not fair Canace: ere this at eve,
 She of her father took her custom'd leave,
 Unwilling, as becomes the modest fair,
 Pale dissipation's harass'd looks to wear.

Early she rose, no morning slumber sought,
 For the lov'd presents still engag'd her thought,
 The wond'rous ring, and mirror deem'd so strange.
 Oft did her cheek with blushing rapture change,
 Nor ev'n in sleep, from pleasing care exempt,
 The fair one only of her mirror dreamt.

Hence, ere the sun was high, till waking heard
 The matrons, to her service proud preferr'd,
 She call'd : obedient they attend, but say
 None yet is stirring, and 'tis hardly day.

"Wearied with sleep, 'tis my desire," she cries,
 "Strait to walk forth, and instant I would rise."

With busy thought, assur'd of her resolve,
 How best to do her pleasure they revolve.
 The train are trooping at the call survey'd ;
 Nor later shines, attir'd, the royal maid
 Like the bright sun that, free from clouds displays,
 As now, in Aries, more refulgent rays.
 Thin vapours only o'er its surface spread,
 To sense enlarg'd, a ruddy light it shed,
 When she, in habit for the season fit,
 Few of her train, prepar'd the house to quit.
 Along the shady park her way she took,
 Fill'd now with joy, where'er she chanc'd to look,
 By every charm that grac'd the gaudy spring,
 Now struck with wonder at the magic ring,
 By which to her the sylvan quire express'd
 Their inmost thoughts, yet only sooth'd the rest.

To shun the likeness of a stile prolix,
 And with no stony vain digression mix,

Will profit him who undertakes to rule
 The passions, less obedient when they cool.
 Left in my tale description I should waste
 On wearied spirits, to its end I haste.

High on a tree, beside whose root the fod,
 With sportive joy, the beauteous Princess trod,
 A falcon perching sent a plaintive sound
 That pierc'd afar the shadowy region round.
 With either wing it smote its breast, that bore
 The vestige of its beak, in gushing gore.
 By nature's laws had tears distressful flow'd
 From eyes of brutes, that inborn feeling shew'd,
 No furious tiger had the sight withstood,
 Nor any ruthless rover of the wood.
 For to the man who best the merit knew
 Of falcons, praise had never seem'd so due;
 Nor thus could any shape or plumage boast,
 It seem'd some present from a distant coast.
 So fast the blood distill'd from every wound,
 This falcon nearly with its loss had swoon'd,
 And tottering, as it clung, with feeble feet,
 Scarce on the branch maintain'd its lofty seat.
 The King's fair daughter, Canace, who brought
 Not only means t' explain her secret thought,
 But power sufficient, in the ring she bare,
 To hold discourse with every bird of air,
 The meaning of its mournful accents knew,
 And, with a look of pity, nearer drew.
 Below the tree she stretch'd her pendant skirt
 To save, in such a fall, its limbs from hurt,

When next it fainted (which might soon arrive,
 The falcon scarce, with loss of blood, alive)
 There long she stood expecting, but express'd
 At last the sympathy that sway'd her breast.

- “ What is the cause, instruct me,” said the fair,
 “ Why you these unexampled sufferings bear,
 “ Thrilling each ear with piteous plaints the while,
 “ Is it some fav'rite's death, or lover's guile ?
 “ For of all ills, to feeling breasts, the chief
 “ Are these, and sources of the bitterest grief.
 “ No other tale have you, I know, to tell,
 “ Who, your own passion's victim, prove full well
 “ That selfish terror wakes not your regret,
 “ Nor have I seen a foe your safety threat.
 “ Shew to yourself some pity, I implore ;
 “ Else whether will this tend ? for ne'er before
 “ One instance have I view'd, with troubled thought,
 “ Of bird or beast that thus its sorrow sought,
 “ My heart these symptoms of misfortune wring.
 “ Ah ! leave yon bough, and truly as I spring
 “ From royal parents, if the power be mine,
 “ And the sad cause appear why you repine,
 “ Ere night the ill its remedy shall find
 “ (So help me, Heav'n, as I have this in mind !)
 “ And I, that pain no longer may disturb,
 “ Will to your wounds apply each healing herb.”

Then, in the saddest accent, since her birth,
 Th' unhappy falcon shriek'd, and fell to earth.
 She seem'd, as senseless as a stone, to fall,
 When, bent life's wonted functions to recall,

The beauteous Princess, pitying her mishap,
 Transferr'd the mourner to her friendly lap.
 There laid, and cherish'd, from her trance she woke,
 And in the mother tongue of falcons spoke.

“ That tender hearts are best prepar'd to know
 “ From their own pain th' extent of other's woe,
 “ Both by th' opinions which the wise maintain,
 “ And wide example's daily proof is plain.
 “ All gentleness from gentle hearts proceeds,
 “ And yours, I see, for my affliction bleeds,
 “ Enchanting Canace, and ills which vex
 “ Feels with the promptness of your softer sex.
 “ 'Tis not my hope your proffer'd aid to earn,
 “ But wish, that you, what you inquire, may learn,
 “ And in my sad experience be supplied
 “ A useful lesson, and a certain guide.”

While one thus speaks her grief, the other hears
 Oppress'd with thought, and delug'd with her tears.
 At length the falcon bade the Princess pause,
 And sighing, thus declar'd her sorrow's cause.

“ Here was I bred (the recollection shocks)
 “ And our nest pois'd on yonder ridgy rocks.
 “ Each tender treatment, which th' unfledg'd receive,
 “ I had, and knew not what it was to grieve,
 “ Till first abroad I dar'd direct my flight.
 “ There a young hawk attracted soon my sight.
 “ All mildness, as I fancied, he appear'd,
 “ Nor thoughtless love his treacherous falseness fear'd :
 “ So did he wear humility's disguise !
 “ Such shew of truth, such fondness met my eyes,

" So freely youth's gay pleasure he enjoy'd,
 " So lively was his grief, when ills annoy'd,
 " None dreamt deceit had in his actions part,
 " But what seem'd greater worth, was deeper art.
 " Ev'n as a snake his form in flowers conceals,
 " Till he who passes, late his risk reveals ;
 " Ev'n so this bird, in tendernefs a dove,
 " Feign'd soft obedience, and attentive love,
 " And lavish of professions soon believ'd,
 " This artless breast, in luckless hour deceiv'd.
 " As on some tomb rich sculpture we survey,
 " But putrid lurks below th' unsightly clay,
 " Such was the hawk, and thus his purpose screen'd,
 " That none could search it, save th' inspiring fiend.
 " And he so press'd a suit, the task of years,
 " With kind upbraidings, and with treacherous tears,
 " That my poor heart, which well he knew to move,
 " Left love so violent his death should prove,
 " Granted whate'er, protesting truth, he crav'd,
 " And only from the wretch my honour sav'd ;
 " This point agreed, our union's single bond,
 " His should I be, as he was truly fond,
 " His should each thought, within my bosom hid,
 " Each claim of lawless gallantry forbid.
 " Heav'n knows this promise I requir'd as just ;
 " But leagues with treacherous falsehood who can trust ?
 " Soon as the tiger-hearted suitor found
 " Love had his wishes, unresisting, crown'd,
 " Our vows exchang'd, a master in deceit,
 " He fell, with seeming reverence, at my feet.

" With gentle manner, and with soft address,
 " Much joy pretending at his new success,
 " In art ev'n Jason, fortunate beheld
 " Thro' love, and Trojan Paris he excell'd.
 " Nor, since two wives, to Lamech link'd, began
 " First to display the roving bent of man,
 " Nor ev'n since him, the father of mankind,
 " Such depth of guile could observation find.
 " Rank'd by their art, beneath him those of old
 " Deserv'd not menial offices to hold.
 " None could with thanks so winningly requite.
 " To mark his manner was a heav'nly sight;
 " And none more shew'd, of all the race of birds,
 " How graceful gesture dignifies our words.
 " If full of truth he seem'd, his merit such,
 " The thought unjustly would be deem'd too much
 " I to his interest spar'd, with wakeful zeal,
 " Us'd, like my own, his slightest woes to feel.
 " In all, his honour'd will to mine gave law,
 " Save where obstructed I my duty saw.
 " The worth that makes obedience sweet had he:
 " Not power itself possess'd such charms for me.
 " Two years and more this heav'nly dream endur'd,
 " And of his fondness I was well assur'd;
 " But fortune had resolv'd that he, at last,
 " Should leave the scene of our enjoyment past.
 " To tell my sorrow were superfluous pain,
 " And all my power in such a labour vain,
 " But this I can affirm (nor waste my breath)
 " Now do I know what are the pangs of death.

" He took his leave one inauspicious morn,
 " Seeming constrain'd, in accent so forlorn,
 " That when I heard him speak, in plaintive tone,
 " I thought his grief as poignant as my own.
 " Yet such had seem'd his truth, I fear'd no more,
 " Nor dreamt of harm, his urgent business o'er.
 " Till 'twas dispatch'd enduring what must be,
 " I made a virtue of necessity.
 " My grief dissembling, tho' by him unshar'd,
 " Near him I stood, and solemnly declar'd,
 " By holy John, as to our tie was due,
 " My future life should, as my past, be true.
 " I need not, what he answer'd here, rehearse:
 " None better speaks than he, and none acts worse.
 " At length he bent his flight to distant fields.
 " When rest full leisure to reflection yields,
 " This dang'rous adage rul'd, I deem, his mind,
 " ' All are on earth attracted to their kind.'
 " Perhaps 'tis notic'd by the race of man;
 " And change and novelty no less its plan.
 " For birds in cages sumptuously are fed,
 " Their floor below with softest covering spread;
 " And servants store, as waiting on their lord,
 " Of honey, sugar, milk and bread accord;
 " But, when th' unfasten'd slider is drawn up,
 " The joyous prisoner spurns his brimming cup,
 " Swift to the woods escapes, in folly firm,
 " And dainties leaves, contented with a worm.
 " No sense of interest, and no sacred tie
 " Can with variety's allurements vie.

" Such prov'd my faithless mate, accurst the day !
 " Tho' sprung from generous fires, and young, and gay,
 " Comely in person, humble, yet not shy.
 " He saw a kite, of winning figure, fly ;
 " He saw—and lov'd ; and, with relentless haste,
 " His falcon's image from his mind effac'd.
 " His love now honours the detested kite,
 " And I in vain deplore my ravish'd right."

Fast, as she ended, from the falcon flow'd
 Her tears : she fell again, a senseless load.
 Whom in her lap fair Canace receives.
 The train attendant with the Princess grieves,
 Prompt each attention to th' oppress'd to shew,
 And shrill resounds the voice of female woe.
 Homeward they bear the falcon, faint and weak,
 And bind the wounds inflicted by her beak.

The Princess herbs from fields adjoining bears,
 And salves, the pride of housewifry, prepares,
 To heal her bird, and, form'd with care its shed,
 Suspends it anxious at her couch's head :
 'Tis painted all within of sober blue,
 Unchanging constancy's peculiar hue ;
 But green denotes a fickle bent without,
 Where every bird whose faith is held in doubt,
 Titmice and hawks, and owls, appear to stand,
 And the pye hops, with ceaseless noise, at hand.
 Her presence, still importunate observ'd
 Like chattering censure, shew'd what they deserv'd.

Here will I leave the falcon, day and night
 Tended with care by her protectress bright ;

Nor more describe the wonders of the ring,
Till I may shew the reconcilment spring
From good Camballo's offices benign,
And the wild hawk his lawless love resign.

Now I proceed to speak of battles dread,
Where, fir'd with glory, valiant Tartars bled ;
And strange adventures, filling with amaze,
Of fame, unequal'd in all former days.

First will I tell you of Cambuscan brave,
To whom proud conquest many a city gave ;
Next him, who Theodora had to wife,
In battle won, the valiant Algarfise,
Condemn'd thro' danger to delight to pass,
And only rescued by his horse of brass ;
Then will I tell you with what champion fought
Th' advent'rous brothers, who the Princess fought,
The beauteous Canace ; thus hard to win :
And still, where I left off, will next begin.

* * * * *



THE
TWELFTH PYTHIAN
OF
PINDAR.

TWELFTH PYTHIAN

OF

THE

THE
TWELFTH PYTHIAN, &c.

TO MIDAS OF AGRIGENTUM, VICTOR ON THE FLUTE.
ON THE INVENTION OF THAT INSTRUMENT.

STR. I.

PROFITIOUS hear, thou happy seat
Of social joy, the fairest own'd
Of earthly towns, and Proserpine's retreat,
That plac'd, as on the banks entron'd
Of Agragas, behold'st thy vallies gay
With flocks unnumber'd, and a thriving train
Subject to thee, and prosperous by thy sway,
With Heav'n's and Earth's kind will receive my strain :
Receive too Midas, him it crowns, who bore
From Pythian games that art's respected prize,
Pallas (the Gorgon welt'ring in her gore)
Invented, from the monst'rous kindred's cries.

ANTISTR. I.

SADLY were heard their ringlets dread
 To sound, when Perseus could subdue
 One of the three fierce sisters, and her head
 His trophy, with its serpents, view.
 For feats regretted wide, the chief, arriv'd
 At sea-girt Seriphus, his wand'ring ceas'd :
 The race † of Phorcus high, of fight depriv'd,
 And Polydecta, shuddering ‡ at his feast,
 His mother's charms a master's prize survey'd,
 Ow'd to the son of Danae, on that day,
 Their mournful fate, when, safe thro' mightier aid,
 He bore Medusa's features fair away.

STR. II.

To him they ow'd it, sprung from love
 Celestial, and the golden shower.
 But when his foe the Goddess, from above,
 Sees vanquish'd by her heav'nly power,

† *The surviving Gorgons, Stheno and Euryala.*

‡ *A tribute being expected from this King's guests, Perseus appeared carrying the head of Medusa.*

She, from the sound, a sister's sorrow makes,
 The vex'd Euryala's, that strikes her ears,
 (Expressive sadness!) and her hissing snakes
 Contrives th' enchanting art that mortals cheers.
 Soon, perfect by her dext'rous toil, conferr'd
 On favour'd man, and hence an honour'd art,
 'Tis, at the games, in winning accents, heard
 To rouse, with eager hope, ambition's heart;

ANTISTR. II.

SOFT as the skilful breath is borne
 Thro' well-wrought brass, and slender reeds,
 That, near the city † of the Graces, torn
 From their old seat, the beauteous meads,
 And wood, Cephissus laving, moves along,
 Are doom'd to witness festive joy and mirth
 In the light dance, and in the fervid song.
 Fame without toil is hopeless here on earth:
 Yet unexpected oft, as late ‡ to thee,
 Success arrives, and, by Heav'n's awful will,
 While oft the vain their labour fruitless see,
 New prospects sad despair with comfort fill.

† *Orchomenus, a city of Beotia, sacred to the Graces.*

‡ *He had gained the victory, after breaking his instrument.*



She, from the found, a sister's sorrow makes,
The vex'd Envy's, that strikes her ears,
(Expressive looks!) and her kissing looks
Conveys th' enchanting air from mortal chests.
Soon, perched by her beckoning tail, content
On thine's man, and hence an honour'd air,
Tis, in the games, in winning accents, heard
To rout, with eager hope, a nation's heart;

ANASTAS II.

So, as the first breath a poem wants,
Two, well-wrought parts, and slender needs,
Then, from the city of the dead, come
From their old seat, the phantoms move,
And wood, Cyprian having, long
Are doom'd to winch left and right
In the light dance, and in the wild song,
Hume without coil is hop'd, ere on earth
Yet unexpected off, as late, to thee,
Success arrives, and, by Hymn's sweet will,
While off the vain their labour fronts see,
New prospects and delight with comfort fill.



† Ophionius, a city of Paris, found in the C. 17.
† He had found the story, and drinking the fountain.

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